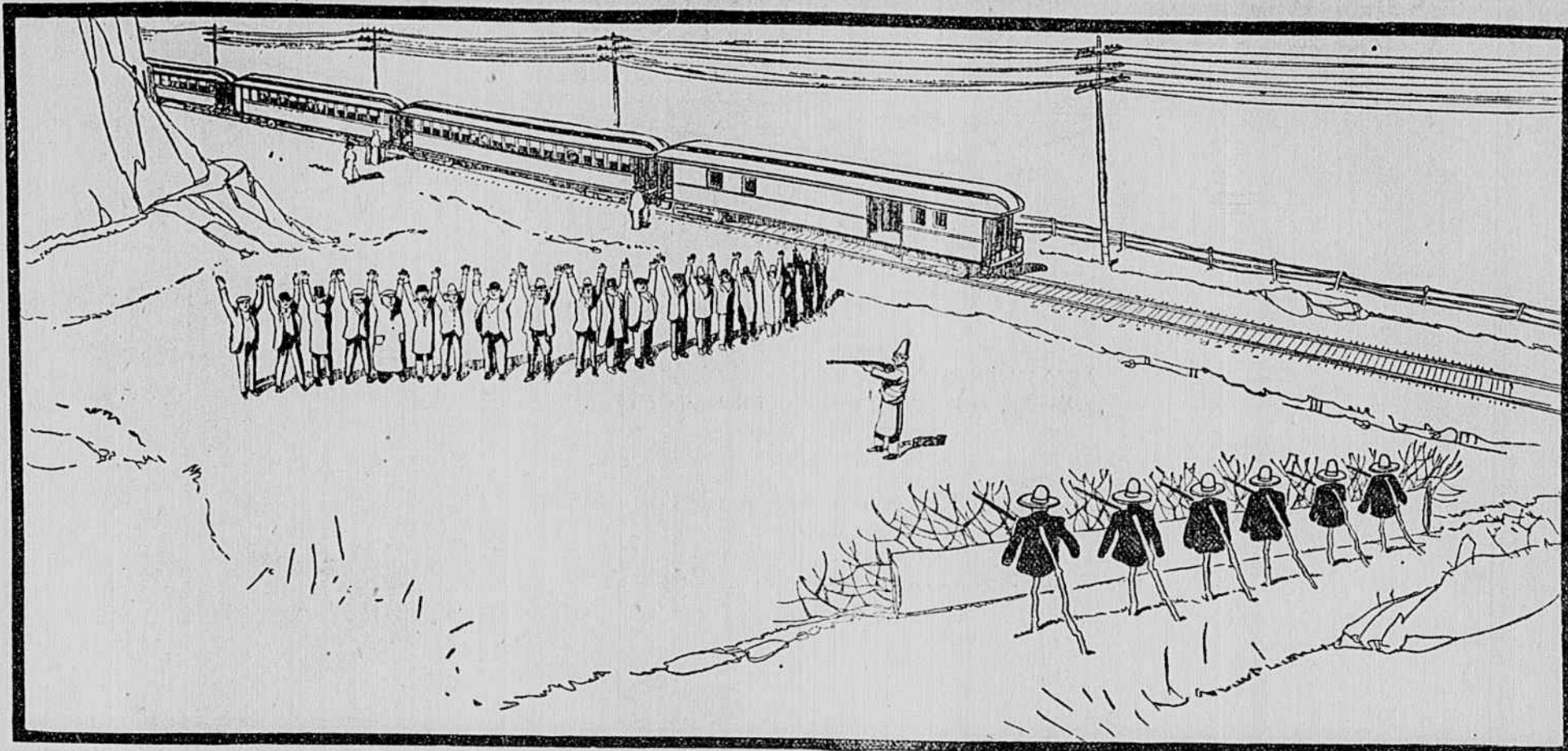


DARING TRAIN ROBBERS—Charles Boles, Who

Always Worked Alone, but Dressed Up "Dummy" Robbers with Wooden Guns and Planted Them Along the Track; Oliver Perry's Express Car Robberies; Other Remarkable Cases



How "Black Bart," the Train Robber, Deceived His Victims With "Dummy" Riflemen

the top of the pile of express packages. While the train sped along the robber had managed to cut a hole in the front door large enough to admit his body. Then he had wriggled like a snake up through the heap of merchandise and crawled along the narrow space which separated the top of the pile from the roof of the car.

There he lay flat on his stomach—his right hand outstretched and pointing a big revolver at the messenger's head. The messenger reached instinctively for his own revolver, which lay on the top of his desk. But the robber was too quick for him.

Springing like a panther from his lofty perch, he landed squarely on top of the expressman and bore him to the floor.

Perry's hand tightened like a vise on the half stunned messenger's throat, and when he had choked him into insensibility he cowardly struck the helpless man several brutal blows with the butt of his revolver. Next he tied his hands and feet and bound a handful of cotton waste over his mouth for a gag.

Rifling the safes was an easy matter, for the door of one stood open and the other was not locked. He took from them \$5,000 in cash besides quite a quantity of jewelry.

How to get off the train was his next problem. At forty or fifty miles an hour jumping would have been suicide. But he must get off at once—he had no idea when the train would stop again, and at any minute he was liable to be discovered by some of the trainmen.

He stepped out on the platform, first making sure that the baggageman in the car behind was not looking.

Gripping the platform rods in his powerful hands, he lowered himself at the risk of his life down between the moving cars. He drew a long knife and severed the hose through which the compressed air that operates the brakes is carried.

As Perry knew, the cutting of this hose would at once set the brakes on every car. The train slowed down with a series of grinding jerks. Before it came to a full stop Perry jumped off unobserved and disappeared in the darkness.

This crime caused great excitement be-

Express Car Robbery



the swaying roof of the express car—the engine and in danger of being hurled speeding train. Inch by inch he drew shaft which stuck up through the roof. This, he tied the other end around his waist, he tied the other end around his waist, he tied the other end around his waist.

By this time the messenger had seized his own revolver. He was game enough, but he was badly wounded and not a good shot under any conditions. He fired at Perry—the shot went wild and Perry replied with one that took effect.

The robber wound soon have been in sole possession of the car and its valu-

able had not the train just then slowed down, for a stop which Perry had evidently not taken into his calculations. Aroused

cause it was so unusual in this section of the country. The robber had left absolutely no clue to his identity, and the express messenger, who hovered between life and death for several weeks as a result of the cruel beating Perry had given him, was unable to supply a very clear description. The mystery was made all the deeper by the surprising way the robber had stopped the train in order to make his escape.

Although large rewards were offered for the robber's capture, Perry coolly continued to live in Rochester, Syracuse and other cities where he was well known. He squandered the proceeds of his crime in riotous living, and within six months was as penniless as he had been before. Then, emboldened by his previous success, he began to look about for an opportunity for another train robbery.

This time he selected Syracuse instead of Albany as the starting point for his venture. Just east of the city was a signal tower where trains often made brief stops. For a week Perry haunted the vicinity of this tower every night, familiarizing himself with the movements of the trains and watching for the opportunity to board one unobserved. Concealed underneath his coat he carried a long coil of stout rope which, as you will see, was quite essential to the success of the plan he had in mind.

The chance he had been waiting for came at last. One evening when an east bound train halted at the tower for an instant he managed to climb unobserved onto the platform of the first car—an express car—just behind the engine.

As soon as the train started he climbed up on the railing of the platform and, by bracing one foot against the tender of the engine, succeeded in raising himself up to the roof of the car.

Perry's Daring Feat

By the time he reached the roof the train was going fifty miles an hour. The speed made his perch a perilous one, particularly as where he lay on the smooth roof there was nothing for his hands to grip or for his feet to brace themselves against.

The thick smoke from the engine almost suffocated him—the hot cinders blinded him—and the car swayed from side to side so violently that he was in constant danger of being hurled off.

But, by lying flat on his stomach, with his arms and legs outstretched, he managed to keep from slipping off the rocking car. After some little time he was gradually able to draw himself along inch by inch until one hand clutched a steel ventilator shaft which stuck up through the roof.

His hold on this made his position much more secure. Soon, as he became more accustomed to the motion of the train and the dense cloud of smoke and cinders which constantly enveloped him, he was able to do more than merely hold on.

He took from his pocket a black mask and tied it over the lower part of his face. From underneath his coat he pulled out the rope, fastened one end of it securely through the ventilator and tied the other end around his waist.

For several minutes he waited patiently for the engine's headlight to reveal a long stretch of straight level track ahead. When at last it did, and the motion of the train became less violent, he gripped the rope tightly with his left hand, and began three turns around his wrist, and began to lower himself cautiously down the sloping roof and over the side of the car.

It was a hazardous undertaking, and one that only a man of almost superhuman strength and nerve would have dared attempt. His hand was bleeding from the friction of the rope long before his feet touched the narrow moulding a third of the way down the side of the car, which gave his straining muscles their first respite.

For a moment he rested in this difficult position. Then he resumed his slow and painful descent until at last he could look right into the car through the glass in the upper half of the sliding door.

There stood the safe which he hoped to rifle. In front of it, with his back to the door, stood the express messenger busily engaged in checking off his list of valuable packages.

With his one free hand, Perry reached into his pocket and took out a big revolver. Smashing a light of glass in the door with the butt of this he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Open that door or I'll kill you." The startled messenger looked around, saw the masked robber and at once reached up to pull the emergency bell cord which would stop the train.

But Perry was ready for that very move. The big revolver barked twice in rapid succession before the messenger's hand could grasp the cord and the expressman, bleeding from two wounds in the shoulder, fled to the forward end of the car.

As he disappeared from view, Perry put his hand through the opening where he had broken the glass, drew the bolt and slid the door open. In another second he had swung himself into the car, and stood there, revolver in hand, facing the plucky messenger.

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piece of broomstick painted black to give the semblance of rifle barrels. It all looked very real and very formidable—for all the world as if six men were crouching there with rifles in hand, ready to fire at the first sign of resistance.

Time and again fast express trains on the western roads would be stopped just at dusk in some lonely spot by the frantic waving of a red flag. When the engineer jumped down to see what the trouble was he was confronted by "Black Bart," dressed in a long linen duster and a tall, cone-shaped hat such as clowns in the circus wear. At the point of his shotgun the robber forced the engineer and fireman to uncouple the engine and run it a few hundred feet down the track.

By this time the passengers and trainmen were

pouring out of the cars to learn the cause of the delay. "Black Bart" wasted few words on them. Nodding his head significantly in the direction of the "riflemen," whose hats and "gun barrels" showed from the ambush at the side of the track, he said loud enough for all to hear:

"Don't fire unless I give the word, boys!" The hint was quite sufficient. Convinced that they were at the mercy of a large band of desperate men, passengers, trainmen and express messengers quickly handed their valuables over to "Black Bart."

When he had secured all the plunder he uttered a threat about not looking back on penalty of being shot at by his "companions" and allowed the train to move on.

nails destroyed the sight of one eye instantly, and Perry completed his total blindness by rubbing the other eye with fine bits of glass.

The kindest thing one can think of this unhappy man is that he was insane from boyhood. But whether he was or not the miserable existence he is now dragging out at Matteawan is another powerful example of the fact that crime does not pay, and this is why I could not afford to neglect telling his sad story.

And now I must tell you about some of the remarkable exploits of John Brady and Samuel Browning—as desperate a pair of robbers as ever rifled an express car and shot helpless men in cold blood.

Late one stormy night a track walker named Kelley was speeding along a lonely stretch of railroad near Davisville, Cal., on his track tricycle.

Suddenly two men leaped out of the underbrush at the side of the track and stood directly in his path. To avoid running them down he brought his tricycle to a sudden stop.

At once they sprang upon him, dragged him to the ground and bound and gagged him so securely that he could neither move nor speak. After emptying his pockets of a little money and taking his red lantern and a box of railroad torpedoes, they demolished the tricycle by pouncing it with stones and threw the broken pieces of the machine down underneath a culvert. This done they disappeared in the darkness.

These two men were Browning and Brady, and their attack on the track walker was the first step in a long series of daring crimes which finally brought one of them to a horrible death and sent the other to prison for life.

Two Famous "Hold-Up" Men

A few minutes later the whistle of a fast overland train sounded in the distance. As it drew near the spot where the helpless track walker lay the engineer was startled to see a red lantern waving across the track and to hear at the same instant the sharp report of two torpedoes—the customary signal that there was danger ahead.

As the train responded to the air brakes and slowed down the robbers—wearing black masks and carrying revolvers—climbed up on either side of the cab.

They made the astonished engineer and fireman hold their hands above their heads and walk back to the third car from the engine—a Wells-Fargo express car.

"Uncouple that," said Browning, showing his revolver into the fireman's face, and pointing to the coupling between the express car and the one behind it. The fireman, with trembling hands, obeyed.

Still covered by the robbers' guns, the engineer and fireman were marched back to the engine and ordered to pull the third car several miles down the track.

When they finally came to a stop the engineer and fireman were again taken out of the engine and made to accompany the masked men back to the express car.

But Paige, the express messenger, had suspected what the trouble was and had locked the door and barricaded the windows as well as he could with packages of freight.

When the robbers pounded on the door and commanded him to open it he refused and announced that he would shoot the first man who attempted to enter.

"Tell him that if he doesn't open that door we're going to shoot you full of holes," said one of the bandits and he emphasized his words by firing a bullet so close to the engineer's head that it ploughed through the visor of his cap.

The engineer was in terror of his life. Shaking in every limb, he added his pleas to the profane threats of the robbers.

"Think of my wife and babies, Paige," he begged, "and let these men in before they kill me."

The express messenger was between two

Right here something unexpected happened—one of those chances which even the cleverest criminals cannot wholly guard against, and just such a one as I have often seen spoil the most carefully planned robberies. It proved the one thing necessary to bring the careers of Browning and Brady to an end.

The first person they met as they entered the sleeping car was a negro porter, his teeth chattering with fright. Browning shoved him down into a seat and took away his gold watch.

That was what proved a fatal mistake. Had Brady not taken the darkey's watch, he and Browning might have gone on looting the train unmolested and made their escape just as they had so many times before.

But that watch was the negro's dearest possession—he had been saving money for a year to get it, and this was the first time he had worn it. Frightened as he was, he began to turn over in his head plans for recovering this precious property.

Suddenly he remembered that J. J. Bogard, the Sheriff of Toham County, was a passenger on this train, and the porter had seen him board a rear sleeper at San Francisco on this trip.

If anybody could recover his watch, thought the darkey, Sheriff Bogard was the man. He had a reputation all over the Pacific Coast for bravery, and the porter had once seen him single-handed subdue a party of cowboys who were "shooting up" a railroad station.

The Price They Paid

Thoughts of his lost watch made the negro bold. When the robbers reached the middle of the car he slipped out of the front door and ran alongside the train to the very last car, where the Sheriff lay in his berth ignorant of the trouble ahead.

"Oh, Mr. Sheriff," the excited darkey called, "the train is full of robbers, and they've stolen my new watch!"

The Sheriff hastily dressed and, pistol in hand, rushed through the train and boldly faced the robbers. His first shot pierced Browning's heart, killing him instantly.

The next instant Brady fired—killing the Sheriff and seriously wounding the fireman. Without stopping to gather up any of the booty he backed out of the car, emptying his revolver promiscuously as he went, and injuring several passengers.

Brady escaped on the bicycle on which he had ridden to the scene of the robbery. The wheel Browning had used was found hidden in some underbrush nearby. With this bicycle as a clue the detectives identified the dead bandit as Browning and finally succeeded in running Brady to earth. He is now serving a life sentence in San Quentin prison.

These are only a few of the thrilling train robbing incidents I could tell you, but they are enough for my purpose—to show you that this variety of robbery is as profitable as every other crime.

For every train robber the final result is inevitably the same—death or imprisonment for a long term of years. And because of the bloody deeds he has to do to gain his ends the remorse which eventually overtakes him is even keener than for other criminals.

Most of the train robbers who are living to-day are in prison, and of those who are at liberty I know of none who has any of the money that his crimes brought him. If they speak the truth they will add their testimony to the overwhelming weight of evidence which has proved to me beyond question that CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

SOPHIE LYONS.

Next Sunday Sophie Lyons will reveal the secrets of the amazing career of Mark Shindburn, the uncrowned "King of the Burglars," the most scientific and expert cracksmen who ever terrified bank officials and the police.